

JANUARY, 1907

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The Sotoyoman



VOL. II

HEALDSBURG, CAL., JANUARY, 1907.

NO. 3

"Silent Bill's" New Year.

(By Kathleen Swisher '10.)

The New Year had at last come, and with it an awful blizzard. The wind howled and fairly shook the small, rude huts of the miners in cold Alaska. The ground and hill tops were covered four feet deep with the white veil of Mother Nature and no sign of human existence could be seen. For the miners had foreseen this blizzard and had abandoned their huts and taken refuge together in the more substantial dwellings of a native village.

But there was one exception. Bill Edwards, "Silent Bill," as he was called by his friends, could not be prevailed upon by his noisy companions to go with them to the village.

They had departed the day before and Bill, with a sigh of relief, watched the sleighs go down the hill and disappear. That day he spent tidying up his cabin and storing wood.

The next day the storm was worse and the lonely miner felt sorry he had not gone with the others. In the evening he built a fire and threw himself down in front of it.

While idly lying there, listening to the blasts of wind and snow, thoughts of his dear ones came vividly before him. He remembered his little girl as a golden haired fairy, and his wife so sweet and loving in their cozy home in San Francisco, but now in the course of four years many things were changed, his child had grown to a

young lady, his wife had become an invalid and lastly their home was wrecked in the recent earthquake and they were more than likely now living in a refuge camp, although he did not know for certain as he had received no word from them for months.

Oh, how his heart ached for his darlings, and tears rolled down his wrinkled cheeks as he thought how this New Year they were separated. It would have been a comfort, he thought, if he could send messages and presents to them, such as he could send from there, but the express train could not get within twenty miles of Bill's camp.

After several hours' meditating thus he dozed off to sleep. But he was restless and many times would start from his bed as if some trror were hanging over him.

The next morning dawned dismally and the storm was even more blinding and it was nearly as dark as the night before.

The first few hours Bill was up he spent playing with his dog to divert his mind, but that soon grew wearisome and he stretched himself again on the cot to keep warm.

But hark! above the storm he hears a cry of terror and he knows it comes from a human thoat. Again and again the call comes—more feeble each time. Bill jumps to his feet and opens the door only to be thrown down by the wind.

He strains his ears but can hear nothing, so again he bolts the door and goes in. But the cry haunts him and rings in his ears. "Some fellow worse off than I," thought Edwards. "But still after all maybe it's some animal. A man would surely call again and—"

But the sentence was never finished for again above the storm comes a feeble cry, and Bill, grabbing a coat and calling Bob, dashed out into the storm. His feet sink in the snow, he stumbles and falls but he bravely jumps up and blindly gropes his way to where the cry seems to be coming from.

After trudging on for some little while he becomes exhausted and falls, but as he does so his hands touch something soft. He opens his eyes and gazes on the poor traveler, a young boy, who was slowly freezing to death. The sight of the sweet young face, with terror written on it, gave "Silent Bill" new vigor, and clasping the stiff figure he staggered to his feet. Guided by Bob, and after much suffering, he reached his cabin. Bill, after laying the boy on his cot, chaffed and rubbed him with hot clothes. After doing this he began removing the frozen garments.

But why did he start and turn pale when he unfastened the boys collar. For there suspended on a golden chain was a locket which he and his wife had placed on their baby girl's neck years before. Clutching the locket and gazing wild eyed at the white face of the sufferer he saw in boy's apparel his darling daughter—Carol.

For minutes the room swan before his eyes and he thought he was dreaming. How could this be his child. This fair stranger, wearing the garb of a boy. Then as the girl stirred "Silent Bill" gave way to loud sobs.

"Gosh, to think if I'd gone away with the boys what would have happened," sobbed poor Bill, as he took the cold, still form in his arms and renewed his efforts to restore her.

Soon she was resting comfortably, and when she discovered this was her father she could not contain herself for joy, and held him close in a loving embrace.

"Dearest papa; oh, I'm so happy and thankful I'm with you, and to think if you had not heard me I should never have seen you again. Now, listen, and I'll tell you my adventures."

"Mamma and I had not heard from you for eight months and we were so worried. One evening, about three months ago, we got to talking and mamma consented to my coming and spending New Year with you, although she was very much afraid of letting me come alone. But a friend was coming here also so I came with him as far as this next village, where he left me. Well you know that's twenty miles from here, and so I was told to put on boy's clothes as it would be more convenient and safer. I started a few days ago and a kind man gave me a ride until we got about two miles from here. Then I attempted to walk and you know the rest, Dad," she concluded, as he kissed her and thanked heaven for the deliverance of his child.

The best news was that his wife was much better and "Silent Bill" and Carol decided to return home as soon as possible.

Although their New Year was in the wilds it was the happiest ever spent by "Silent Bill" Edwards and his New Years Carol.

A Young Life Ended

Our community was thrown into the deepest sorrow just before the Christmas holidays by the news of the sudden death of Miss Ethel Hicks, a teacher in the Primary schools here. Miss Hicks had been absent from her duties but two days, from a slight indisposition, as everyone supposed. Early in the morning she was taken with a violent coughing spell, which ruptured an artery, and in the hemorrhage that followed she passed away. The shock to the family was almost insupportable, and this was shared by the community in no small degree.

Miss Hicks entered the Healdsburg schools in the Primary class and passed through the successive grades to the High School, from which she graduated in 1897. After a professional course she entered upon her teaching career, and taught with marked success in the Primary department here for several years; so she, in the best sense of the word, was a representative of our schools. Her devotion to her work and her kindly interest in all the pupils who fell to her care, inspired them with an unusual affection for her, and bore fruit in the uplifting influence she exerted among them. She will be greatly missed, not only in the school, but in the church, where she was an earnest, faithful worker; and by a large circle of friends, who mourn her untimely death. These, one and all, extended their profoundest sympathy to the sorrowing family in their hour of sorrow.

Lake Tanganyika and the Legend of Its Source

(By Elsie Arey '07)

Not many years have passed since we heard much of Lake Tanganyika and other of Africa's largest lakes. Lake Tanganyika stretches out its broad expanse in the parching land of Ugogo on the East, and the cannibal lands of Manyema on the West. It was at Ujiji the weary Stanley found Livingstone, and during his stay at this place he was shown palm trees growing far out in the lake, which were once on some lonely bluff overlooking its placid waters.

"Many years ago," said the dusky sheik Abdella to the great explorer, "there lived a man in the region of this lake which now lies before us. He was the owner of a large well which had an abundance of fish in it. This well was fenced about with ratan canes to prevent anyone seeing it, save this man and his family. It was claimed that the gods had told him that the very minute a strange person was permitted to come within and see this well the five tribes, who inhabited this grand and fertile region, would all perish in the waters of the well.

"There was a certain man who had a great curiosity to see this famous well, so, once when the master had gone on a long journey, he asked the wife to allow him to see it. After the promise of a large reward she finally consented. When the intruder saw it he was overcome by the

beauty of its structure and the sparkle of its waters. Then as he viewed, the ground trembled and the waters issued forth and covered the plain to the base of far off mountains, all being drowned in the waters of the well, as the gods had fore-told, except two warriors, who had presence of mind enough to enter a canoe.

"In three days, when the master reached the summit of the mountains overlooking the plain, he saw a great blue expanse of water before him. He knew very well the cause of this calamity and spent the remainder of his days with a strange tribe. Ever since the natives say the lake has risen higher each year." Here the speaker relapsed into silence.

Livingstone himself noticed that natives living on the banks have to move farther inland each year. Often swamped villages can be seen near the lake. The increased waters of Lake Tanganyika are partly caused by a swift southern river which flows into the lake.

Whether true or not, the legend still remains and the lake also. It is one of Africa's most beautiful lakes, dark forests are on the cannibal side, many aquatic plants dot the shore line, the blue mountains of Latuka crown the north, and amid it all the name of the world's greatest explorer dwells like a spell in that far off land.

The Tiger.

(Violetta Mayer, '07.)

(With apoligies to Frank R. Stockton.)

The entire assemblage was hushed, and every heart stopped beating when this brave and stately youth went toward the door. More than one fierce barbaric heart was touched, and all hoped the youth would prove it was no crime to aspire to the love of a princess. Never, since the days of bloody wars or the trails of people of high rank, was there so much interest as now.

The youth, with flashing eye and firm step—sure of victory—walked toward the door. Every one in the amphitheatre held his breath, even the

youth, as he placed his hand on the door, felt a sensation he could not fathom. Alas! he will understand it, when it is too late. Only a second did he hesitate, then he quickly opened the door.

A cry from the multitude told only too well which it was. It was the doo r of the room in which the blood thirsty beast was confined. It was of a mottled brown, one of the largest and fiercest animals then to be found in the Kingdom. His long, sharp teeth, of pure white were in vivid contrast to his scarlet jaws. One clench of those

mighty weapons meant death to the strongest of human beings.

As the tiger sprang upon him, all the falseness of the Princess rushed before the youth. He did not think of the nights of anguish nor the pangs it had cost the Princess to reach this decision—he only thought of her treachery. How could she be the fair, beautiful creature he had loved and thought to be every thing good and true, to thus take his life, who had loved and honored her—he who had never harmed her in thought or deed? His last moments were bitter; his love vanished and his ideal faded before his eyes when he thought of giving up his fair, young life. With a last glanc ehe turned and looked at the Princess with reproach.

The tiger was upon him and it only took a few seconds to leave a torn, mangled, lifeless body, where a short time before the youth stood in all his manly beauty. With a loud heart-rendering shriek the Princess fell in a death-like swoon. The audience was silenced, with the exception of occasional outbursts of weeping. Even the old

King's conscience smote him severely. For once ne was looken upon with disfavor. The justice of the laws was at last questioned.

The Princess was carried to her home still in an unconscious condition, which lasted so long that it caused the royal parents serious alarm. When she recovered she shuddered with remorse to think of her crime, of which she now repented. She bribed her maid to return to the arena and bring her some memento of her lost lover.

Many years past and still she was a sad brokenhearted princess, courted by many worthy suitors of high rank. They each received one answer, "No." Her father pleaded and threatened but all in vain. She became known as the "Princess of the Marble Heart" but she cared not.

One day the Princess was found dead. Many were the efforts to discover her malady but of no avail until a wise doctor discovered a lock of hair worn over her heart. No further explanation was needed. Under her mask of haughtiness, the Princess had been suffering with a broken heart until she was mercifully released by death.

Character Sketch of Beatrix Esmond

Raymond Welch, '07.

Mistress Beatrix as she is first revealed to us is kind, generous and affectionate, having hardly any of the faults that proved such fatal defects in her character when she had reached a mature age.

She early showed traits of jealousy and selfishness. These, aided by environment, grew to be predominant in her disposition. Her mother had been too lenient and lacked maternal authority for both her son and daughter revolted early. Viscount Francis, the father of Beatrix, provoked his daughter, alternately teasing and humoring her, influencing her to fits of jeauousy, all the while making great fun of her angry passion. Beatrix' brother Frank often quarreled with her and aided in the growth of the despicable characteristics later so noticeable in her nature.

Even her mother's estrangment from her father, had an evil influence upon the disposition of Beatrix.

Beatrix Esmond was a coquette, and aided by marvelous beauty, quick wit, and diplomacy, she was enabled to bring some of England's haughtiest noblemen to her feet as suitors. This, no doubt, caused her to become vain and conceited.

The manner in which Esmond tried to woo the Lady Beatrix might have flattered her. Her soc-

ial position at the court as maid of honor to Her Majesty, surrounded her with many flatterers, which was conducive to vanity.

As she became more popular, her disposition became more displeasing. Still to the last, she shows when she throws from her the mask of selfish pride and of selfish ambition, and her real self is to be seen, that there are possibilities of an extraordinarily strong and admirable character. She showed at times her affectionate regard for Henry Esmond and even told him that, she loved him as sincerely as it was possible for her to love. But that was put aside by her undomitable will, to give every advantage to that selfish ambition which had become the most potent factor in her character.

As she made her exit from our velw in the novel she left as we expected, true to her selfish pride and ambition, retiring with insulted and injured dignity. To my mind she shows herself stronger here than at any other time.

But in spite of all the bad in Beatrix, she has some very good traits.

She is always vivacious, at times affectionate, warm-hearted, and generous, and very true to her friends.

Jingles.

NEW YEAR WITH THE H. H. STUDENTS

(By Homer Coolidge '09)

T

When the night for the New Year dance did come, When 'o6 ended and 'o7 begun,

There was fun in Fox's Hall.

For the boys and girls danced to and fro,

Tripping the light fantastic toe,

As the New Year dawned and the old did go,

At the Senior Ball.

II

The gay floor manager was there,
With his snow white vest and Paderusky hair,
And collar stiff with starch.
For with ladies he is never shy,
With him its "on the spot" or die,
In fact he's a genuine "butinsky."
And gaily he led the march.

III

The Jolly Juniors were there,
In gay attire both bright and fair,
And also gorgeous Ray.
But a Freshie or Soph could not be seen!
Had they gone to bed to dream,
Or were they out to hoot and scream,
And hail the New Year's day?

IV

No, they to the High School building sneak;
They had planned for this full many a week,
The bell to ring on New Year's night.
Softly up the stairs they wound,
But alas for them they only found
The rope near the ceiling knotted and wound,
So Soph's and Freshies sneaked out of sight.

-0-

YOU AND I

The Chinaman praises his T's,
The mandarin praises his Q's,
The gardner praises his turnips and P's,
But I praise U.

The mariner loveth the C's,
The billiardist loveth his Q,
The husbandman loveth his cattle and B's,
But I love you.

III

The foolish hath need of the Y's,

The actor needeth his Q,
The pilot hath need of two excellent I's,
But I need U.

TV

The hunter seeketh the J's,
The shepherd seeketh his U,
The college boys seek their final B. A.'s,
But I C Q.

-0-

There was once a McDonough named Bert, Whose courtesy kept him alert,
For if something should drop
He ran lickety hop
To pick it up out of the dirt.

There was once a young Rodney McClure, Whose demeanor was never demure, He took life as play And was "sassy" all day, That naughty young Rodney McClure.

There was a young Volney called Hall, Who went down to Stockton one fall, He grew fearfully wise On geometry pies, And in History he understood all.

Violetta Mayes was a Basket Ball girl, Who had a nice sister called Pearl, They walked out together In all kinds of weather, Pearl and this Basket Ball girl.

There was a young May-den called Banks, Who purposely played people pranks, She'd tease all the boys, And make such a noise, That she carned and deserved many spanks.

There once was a Coffman called Gertrude, Who whenever she felt in a pert mood, Would eat a whole cake With ice cream and milk shake, That pert little maiden called Gertrude.

There was a big Welch-man called Ray, Who thought of athletics all day, He jumped up so high That he punctured the sky, And then he came back the same way.

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A large subscription list is one of the things we

ABOUT SUBSRIPTIONS

most desire. We have about twenty-five subscribers now. We can-

Miss Cleary to the Student Body, that, if every student in the school would get some friend or outsider to subscribe and would subscribe themselves we should have about one hundred and fifty subscriptions. There are exactly one hundred students enrolled and many, with a little effort on their part, might be able to secure two or more outsiders to subscribe. This would ensure us success through the coming year and enable us to make our paper more attractive. Here is a resolution to add to your list of New Year resolutions: "Resolved, that I will do my best to get subscribers for my school paper."

Our Alumni Editor has had more work to do than most of us realize.

WITH OUR She was at a great deal of trouble to find out information for the Alumni Directory and it takes no little part of her spare time to secure notes about the Alumni. So all those who have items of interest about brothers, sisters or friends numbered among the Alumni, please give them to our Alumni Editor.

May every happiness and success attend you all, throughout the New Year, and we wish ourselves success with The Sotoyoman. The New Year has so far been cold and uncivil to us but it is bound to grow warmer and may the enthusiasm of our readers for the Sotoyoman grow warmer in a like degree.

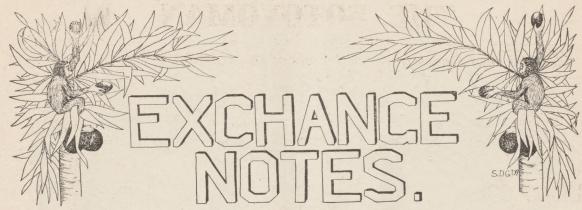
Any comments, criticisms, suggestions, observations or remarks of any comments with that have been made or overheard will be most welcome to the staff for we want to know our weak points and our strong points so that we may be able to strengthen the weak and make

weak points and our strong points so that we may be able to strengthen the weak and make stronger the strong. Don't be afraid of hurting our feelings, we are used to that now, but tell us what people say.

When you have finished read-A LAST WORD ing the exchanges please return them to the table.—Ed.

Violet, '07, selling tickets: "Don't you want to buy a basket ball ticket?

Greenie: "Well yes, no, I guess not, in fact I don't dance."



We have received more exchanges this month than last, but not as many as we ought to receive. We sent away fifty exchanges and received five. Something must be wrong. None of the exchanges mentioned our paper. We wish to know whether they receive ours or whether it is not worthy of mention.

The "Wah Hoo" of Allegheny High School is our best exchange this month. It has come a long way and we appreciate it.

The "Manzanita" is certainly worthy of mention. Your exchange and literary departments are

We were also glad to receive the November number of the Sacramento "Review."

The "Cardinal" of Covina could be improved by the use of more cuts and by leaving the advertisement off of the front cover.

The November "Zephur" is a credit to a school of that size. We wish to make one suggestion, that you give your stories first place instead of the editorials.

8:8:8:8:8:8:8:8:8:3:3:3

Volney in chemistry: "I know a good many men use sulphur for bleaching fruit, and it does not hurt the fabric, as I understand it."

SENIOR DANCE

Class '07 gave a High School dance at Fox's Hall from 8 P. M., December 31st, 1906, to 1 A. M. January 1st, 1907.

The grand march was an artistic success, led by Gertrude Coffman '07 and Rodney McClure '07.

The programs were hand painted by the Senior girls and they also decorated the hall in the class colors of pink and green. Patronesses present were Mrs. Swisher, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Walter Seawell.

The object of giving these dances is to raise funds for the class '07's graduating exercises. The class will give dances from time to time. The next will take place on February 6th, 1907. A general invitation is extended to the H. H. S. students.

6:6:6:3:6:6:3:6:6:8:6:6:

Louis N. '09 (proudly begins to read in English): "And the bride passed into the wall——— (pauses to see where his mistake is for the class begins to giggle).

Carroll went fishing and all he caught was a "Minnie" fish.

"Who are the H. H. S. bells?"
"Why the Bellas of course."

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SOPHOMORE CLASS PARTY

The Sophomores spent Friday evening, January 11th, very pleasantly at a class party. They were fortunate enough to get Fox's Hall for the evening and so had a larger space for their various amusements. Games and dancing passed the time away, and at eleven o'clock dainty refreshments were served. After which a few more games were played and the evening was ended by singing the school song. Several friends had been invited, about forty or fifty young people were in attendance. The isses Cornish, Deisem and Cleary and Mrs. Hinchey greatly aided the Sophomores in having a good time by suggesting new games and taking gart in the old ones.

Those present were: The Misses Cornish, Deisem, Cleary, Mrs. Hinshey, the Misses Mary Anderson, Sarah Grove, Jessie Boss, Blanche Prunty, Crittie Young, Elva Beeson, Helen Jones, Averil Hall, Ora oung, Gertrude Field, Gertrude Bush, Una Williams, Crystal Gallaway, Theo. Brown, Gertrude Waterman, Eva Chiappari, Edith Passalacqua, Bertha Meyer and the Messrs Wallace Buxton, George Cummings,

Frank McClish, Fred Young, Homer Collidge, David Grove, Jirah Luce, Edward Beeson, Rinaldo Jeffry, Louis Nouri, Edwin Kent, Chester Ferguson, Harry Madiera, Carroll Waterman.

The second Junior party of this year was held at the home of Frank Meisner, Friday evening, January 12th. A short program and some novel and very amusing grames were played. Most dainty refreshments were served in pretty baskets decorated in the class colors. Those enjoying the evening were the class and a few invited friends.

At a late hour they donned their waterproofs and rubbers and prepared to investigate the doings of the Sophs, who were holding a lively festival in Fox's hall. (Strange to relate their parties always happen on the same evenings as the Juniors).

B:B:B:B:B:B:B:B:B:

Miss C.: "Boys stop your whispering."

F. M. '08: "Never said a word." Miss C.: "Who said you did?"

F. M.: "You looked at me as if you thought

High School Notes

Class '07 has lately lost one of its members in the person of Volney F. Hall, who departed simultaneously with the old year. Mr. Hall has been for the last two years a leader in school activities. As a proof of his popularity with his fellows he was last term unanimously elected President of the Student Body, Manager of the Boys' Athletic Association, President of his class and Editor-in-Chief of the Sotoyoman. He held all these offices, except the latter, up to the time he left us. Thus his departure caused a number of vacancies, all of which have not yet been refilled

Mr. Hall has done good work in the school, both as a scholar and fellow student and we heartily thank him for all past services. As far as known he is now with the Heine Piano Company in San Francisco, where we wish him every success and a happy New Year.

Veta Adams '08, while on her way home from school, was thrown from the buggy as the horse turned the corner. Although not seriously injured she was badly bruised, but is getting along nicely now. On account of her mother's illness she is unable to attend school at present, but we hope

she may soon resume her studies again with us.

Miss L. Diesem spent Christmas vacation with
Santa Rosa friends.

We are very glad to learn that Melville Mc-Donough '09 is rapidly improving.

Miss V. Cornish enjoyed a week's vacation with friends and relatives in Berkeley.

Norval Skee, formerly a member of the class 'o6, has entered the Berkeley Bible Seminary.

Roy Vitousek '08 spent Christmas vacation in Berkeley.

Ynez Whitney '07 returned January 2d from a week's vacation with Petaluma relatives and friends.

Addie Crispin '08 spent Christmas with her parents in Mendocino county.

We were glad to have our estimable teacher, Miss M. Cleary, back with us after New Years.

Constance Cooke spent Christmas vacation with her cousin, Elsie Whitaker of Santa Rosa.

Dallia Hopman visited relatives and friends at Rutherford for several weeks.

We are glad to have with us this term Florence Esner, who is enrolled with the Freshman class.

Healdsburg High School Alumni Notes.

Miss Ethel White '05, of the San Jose Normal, spent her Christmas vacation at her home near Healdsburg.

Florence Wright '05 visited in Santa Rosa the last week in 1906.

We were glad to have Thurman Wiscarver with us during the Christmas vacation.

The following addresses have been secured since the H. H. S. Alumni Directory was published.

Hotchkiss, Homer G., '98, Diamond Miner, South Africa.

Robinson, L. Maude, '03, book-keeper, Santa Rosa.

Remmel, Ada E., '98 (Mrs. John Markley, Jr.), Bakersfield, California.

Hotchkiss, James M., '98, in business, Berkeley. French, Richard S., '02, taking Post Graduate work at the University of Cal., Berkeley. Marshall, Marion A., '98 (Mrs. E. M. Norton),

Healdsburg.

Moulton, Carrie B., '91, dead.

Dutton, Olleva E., '91, dead.

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ATHLETIC NOTES

Since the end of the football season the boys have had a rest from athletics, but they are now taking active interest in basket ball. At a meeting of the Boys' Athletic Association it was decided to organize a boys' basket ball team and Floyd Bailey was elected temporary captain. They showed their wisdom in choosing Mr. Bailey as he is full of school spirit and takes a great interest in the game infusing all the players with his enthusiasm.

There is plenty of good material in the school for a good basket ball team and there is no reason why we should not have one. We had arranged a game with Petaluma for Saturday but for some reason they could not play. The following Friday, January 18th, we expect to play a game with Santa Rosa. The Santa Rosa boys have been defeated a very few times and as our boys have showed up so well in practice we expect a fast game from start to finish.

At the time of writing this the team had not been chosen but among those trying for it are Bert McDonough, Ray Welch, Dallas Wagers, Floyd Bailey, Frank Meisner, Rodney McClure, Eddie Beeson, Frank McClish, Chester Edge, Fred Young, Herbert Amesbury and Homer Coolidge. Any one of these put on the team will hold up the honor of his school.

INTERCLASS BASKET BALL GAME

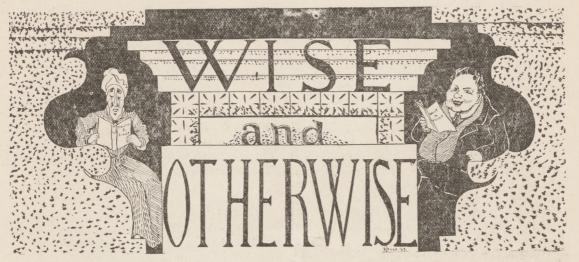
On January 12th, 1907, the boys and girls of the High School had an interesting game of basket ball at Fox's Hail. There was no audience to applaud, but the game was never the less spirited. The boys played the first half of their game and the girls played their first half and then the boys played their second half and the girls the same. The Blacks played against the Reds. The girls score was 13-12 and the boys score was 8-4. Though the enterprise was not profitable it was good practice for the teams.

-0-

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls have renewed their interest in basket ball, which somewhat flagged in the excitement of holiday joys, and are now practicing with vim. They are very enthusiastic and expect to come off victorious in this next match game.

The girls are planning a number of interclass games, together with a social time afterwards, which are looked forward to with great interest. The girls will have their match and practice games at Fox's Hall. Mr. Van Devere, the manager of the hall, has kindly allowed the girls to practice in the hall when the weather will not permit them to play on their out door court.



WHO ATE THE COOKIES?

Part First

The Seniors, grave and sagey, To the school-house bro't a bag Filled with cookies sweet and spongy And with raisins on the top. Oh, the feed, the glorious supper, After school hours they would have, So for safety, from the hungry Lower classes lean and gaunt, In the hall they hid their cookies, Well protected by their coats. And in school hours, when they thought of Goodies out there in the hall, Senior mouths began to water, And their hunger grew intense. How they wished they had them handy And could nibble as they worked, On their English and their History, Both as dry as dry could be. But they had to be contented With the thoughts of future joy, And how good and safe those cakes were Neath the pile out in the hall.

Part Two

To the hall there came a Junior, Lean and gaunt and hungry too, Passed the row of Senior wraps; Thoughtlessly gave one a pull. To the floor came Senior bonnets, Caps and coats and parasols, Leaving bare the bag of cookies That they were supposed to hide. Now this Junior, gaunt and hungry, Called his class-mates from anear, And those spongy Senior cookies Gave '08 their first square meal.

L'Enxoi.
Twice have dignified '07
Had their good times slightly queered,
For when 'twas time to have their feedin',
Their feedin' had all disappeared.

—Charles E. Widlund '06.

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A note from a sophomore to a few of his friends after being moved from seat 53 to 49.

Seat 49, H. H. S.

Dear Gentlemen:

I am very sorry to leave your happy location. I must henceforth be seated in this terrible seat; no one to talk to.

Ah! how sad, I can never sit in dear seat 53 and whistle popular airs with Rufus.

You don't know how sad I am. It almost breaks my heart to never hear your dear voices and see your smiling faces. I am in a prison, I cannot turn around or hardly move.

I hope the soft places in your hearts are touched by this sincere note.

SAM.

P. S.—How I long to see Louis wistful face.—S.

-0-

Teacher (in sophamore hist): "Children, quit playing with your feet."

Sophamore (soberly): "I didn't know people played with their feet when they were asleep."

The Earthquake at Valparaiso

"Here the earthquake has been as disasterous as in San Francisco. I had been in Valpariso four days, and on the night that the first shocks came I was at the home of a friend who lived in the third story of a large building.

It was at eight o'clock, while we were being hospitably entertained, when the first shock came. It was so sudden and strong that nearly all of Valpariso fell to ruins. Among the buildings that fell was the one that we were in. We were saved by almost a miracle. The front wall of this house fell to the ground and only the interior was left standing, and we were left to escape the best way we could.

After a few minutes came the second shock. Believe me, uncle, while it was in motion we could not stand on our feet. This totally finished our city. With much dangerous work we finally found our way into the open air. There were seven of us, and, thank God, we all escaped injuries.

After we had gotten outside a third shock came. This was so forcible that it threw us to the ground. By this time flames were to be seen from one end of the city to another. Our business house was burned to ashes without having saved anything.

Besides the terror of the calamity I was in I knew nothing of my family, and how Santiago had fared where my home is.

The earthquake was in the evening and on the next day I started straightway for that city. All of the communication had been cut off and the railroads had been completely destroyed. The only way to get to Santiago was by horse back. I started at noon and after thirty-four hours of weary riding I at last reached my destination.

Fortunately the damages were very light here, and to my unutterable joy I found my family safe and sound.

Here it has been just the opposite to Valpariso. Santiago is its former self again, while at Valpariso no measures have been taken to rebuild the city. For our new business quarters at the ruined city we have constructed a building of zinc on the site of an old church.

Our corporation is now working with more vim than before and I think we shall soon regain what we lost.

There is a law-suit against the insurance companies and I think that very little shall be lost

through them." Extract from a letter written by one who was there.

Ceasar and Steam.

(By and Oxford Undergraduate)

During his stay in Paradise N. B. Caesar has picked up English as you see, For thus he in Rome's railway station speaks, The while an unoiled engine shrilly squeaks;

II

"Oh Hercules! what temple's this? What are these strange shaped wagons? And what those monsters breathing smoke? Oh Jove! they must be dragons!"

III

Milord Tom-noddy's coachman stands and hears the noble Roman;

Not knowing who he is exclaims, "Dont-cher-know man!"

"There ain't no temple here you fool—you wooly old red injun,

This here a railroad station is and that there thing's a enjin."

IV

Because the noble Roman wears his purple robe upon him,

The coachman makes him "injun" and puts this insult on him.

The noble Roman cannot make it out, So wisely turns unto the right about.

Miss Diesern to Seniors in physics: "What is a couple?"

(Rodney): "Two people."

Miss Diesem: "In this case it is two parallel forces, and the effect of a couple is to rotate the body"

(Rodney) "That's when the couple are dancing."

Teacher (In Soph, History): "Homer, what do we mean by the 'Rise of the Third Estate'?"

Homer C. '09: "Well, the first estate was the clergy, the second the nobility."

Teacher: "Then what was the third estate?" Homer: "They were people."

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A new kind of samhandwitch—A Sophomore walking down the street between two freshies.—B. P., J. S., G. H.

Herbert A at Santa Rosa—"I am going for the stage and when you see me at the door you make for the rig and get the back seat." The smiling blond girl seemed to understand.

Why did C. F. deposit his dinner in the Sotoyome bank? Was he over loaded with money?

Recently a group of H. H. S. students were engaged in conversation as follows:

Addie: "Yes, he had his arm around her; I saw them as I was coming to school."

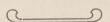
Veta: "Well, that's not so bad; I've seen sights as bad as that."

Addie: "Well, it wouldn't be so bad, but right in broad daylight—"

Here the conversation was broken off by a hearty laugh on all sides.

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